

Belgian Hares Beat Chickens

A woman owning and managing a small farm in the Middle West declares after ten years trial that it is much more profitable to raise Belgian hares for market than it is chickens. She began a dozen years ago to raise both hares and chickens. As time went on and she found that the hares were the better money makers she sold off her chickens, increased her stock of breeding hares and changed all her chicken houses to hare pens.

"I began with 300 hens and 200 hares. The first year the hares made half as much money again as the hens and were infinitely less trouble," this Western woman farmer told the reporter. "I lost only three hares, two young ones and one of the original stock. Think of what such a record would mean in raising chickens! There was practically no disease among my hens that first year, yet I lost twenty-odd of the original 300. As for young chicks, there were always several dead each day.

"The next point to be considered after the healthfulness of the two is the feeding. It costs more than twice as much to feed a hen as a hare. Day in and day out I give my hares clover hay and they grow fat and appear perfectly happy. Though I change my chicken feed as often as three times a week, still there are some chickens which need a special diet.

"According to my books it costs less than \$1.25 a year to feed a hare, feeding it so that it will keep in the best condition. I'd like to talk with a poultry raiser who thinks he can keep a hen on the same amount.

"As to housing, the advantage is on the side of the hares also. Though my houses were built for chickens, I am able to care for three times as many hares in the same space.

"The next point for consideration is the comparative demand for hens and hares. I admit that there is a greater demand for chickens than for hares, chicken being the Sunday meat of the great mass of Americans. Compared with this country-wide taste for chicken hare meat is practically unknown as such, though it is often passed as the more popular meat on the unsuspicious.

"There is really room for a large trade in Belgian hares if the meat was used only as a substitute for chicken. Such deception is practised by hotels and restaurants. Many of them use the hind legs of rabbits exclusively for chicken salad, croquettes and even chicken pie. Personally I like rabbit meat as well as I do the dark meat of chicken and better than the white meat, because it has more taste. Certainly chicken salad made of Belgian hare is better and more like the real thing than that made of veal.

"I have never been able to supply the demand for Belgian hares, though on several occasions I have had to hold my chickens longer than was profitable. I ship most of my hares direct to the hotels and restaurants ready dressed and always in order. On only one occasion have I shipped to a commission man. He handled my chickens and eggs and had an idea that he could make money for me handling my hares. He did get slightly better prices, but the difference was more than consumed by his commission. I went back to taking private orders and though I now have more than three thousand breeding hares I manage to dispose of them as fast as they are ready for shipment.

"The output is large, larger than that would be from the same number of hens, and I have to be up and doing. At the same time the work is much less than would be required to care for the same number of chickens. Think of not having the incubators to look after. Any chicken raiser will tell you what a load of care that is. There are no incubators for the baby hares and each old mother looks after her family until you are ready to take it off her hands.

"So far as dollars and cents go the price paid for chickens is higher than that for hares, but once you consider the cost of raising every advantage is on the hare side of the account. Though hares seem remarkably cheap meat when compared to chicken or almost any other fresh meat, they really could be sold much cheaper and still leave a good margin of profit for the raiser.

"The hind legs of a Belgian hare are entirely free from any trace of the wild rabbit. Properly dressed there is very little of it in the forequarters or even the head. When a Belgian hare is dressed by an experienced cook it is next to impossible to tell the difference between hare and chicken in a fricassee. Certainly a young hare makes a more toothsome dish than an old chicken. When you consider that the young hare is cheaper than the old chicken you will see why so many hotels and restaurants use the hares.

"At one time there was a prejudice against eating rabbits, but that is wearing off. Restaurants and hotels which at first used my hares only as a substitute for chicken are now offering hares under their own name on the bills of fare. broiled, fricassee, roasted and baked. My only fear is that farmers finding out how easy it is to raise Belgian hares for market will go into the business before the popular taste has been cultivated into using the meat. At present I am practically the only person raising Belgian hares on a large scale in my section. If a dozen or more farmers were to start in the business on the same scale within a year or two I might not get such good prices for my hares.

NEW KINK FOR DRUMMERS.

Moving Picture Machines to Help Them Sell Goods.

Bringing a machine to the buyer's office and to show it in action without the noise and grime of the factory is virtually what was suggested by an Indianapolis company. The company manufactures a motion picture machine of a size fitting into a salesman's travelling case. It is designed to enable the salesman to show a prospect's office and give a demonstration of the machine in operation. The film, from the Age, films may be shipped to prospective buyers when it may not be necessary to send the entire machine. The film can be shown at the regular motion picture institution of the neighborhood at little cost.

The picture machine is equipped with a mechanism for showing single slides, which of course may be colored or may be projections of drawings to elucidate details of the design not conveniently shown with the motion picture. Of course with a motion picture machine the film may be stopped at any point and a minute occasion studied with care. The picture machine has application, of course, to the selling of real estate. It is interesting to add that the company has had such a degree of success in promoting the machine that on October 1st it will be able to turn out films, slides and picture machines.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEWPORT'S TENNIS TOURNAMENT

"Well," began Clarissa as she and her best friend made themselves at home in their favorite corner of their pet tea room, "you hear a lot about the Horse Show and how you can't see it, don't you? But, my dear, did you ever go to a Newport tennis tournament? No? Believe me, the Horse Show is not a patch on it."

"I want to see the finals in the Larned."



"UP AND DOWN IN FRONT OF THE STAND THE LADIES PROMENADED IN THEIR BEST FROCKS."

McLoughlin challenge match, and I love tennis, you know, so I was just about to sit down on the grass and cry 'cause I couldn't see when I spied a boy with a chair which he magnanimously sold to me for 50 cents. This I meekly put into the mob as far as possible, and though I endangered my life I was able now and then to see the ball go over the net.

"But when I first came into the grounds it did look desperate. Pretty? Oh, I s'pose so—light frocks and spots of color dotted on the greenward, and so on, but the idea of its being all to see a tennis match was to laugh. The only way you knew where the court might be was by following the crowd until you could get no further; then you knew that somewhere off in the distance they were playing tennis, and every now and then you might see a ball fly up in the clouds where one of 'em made a specially high lob.

"Funny? Yes, I s'pose so; after I got over my anger and my tears I saw that it was funny. There's a grand stand,



"THE SPINELESS, BONELESS, DIE-AWAY FIGURE."

you know, on one side, big enough to hold perhaps one-third of the crowd; just big enough for the nabobs and small enough to insure none of the mob getting in by any chance. Up and down in front of the stand the ladies promenaded in their best frocks.

"One young woman didn't seem to have a seat and she wandered aimlessly about,

gazing longingly at the packing boxes, garbage cans and so forth for a vacant stand. Garbage cans? Oh, yes; you know it's the thing now not to care what you do, and lingerie gowns stood on boxes and sat on roofs quite as though it were an afternoon tea stunt.

"The outskirts of the crowd would have looked like a baseball game in Goatville if the people hadn't been so smartly



"CHARMING VIEW."

gowned. Small boys must have reaped a harvest. I heard one man in imported clothes and the near English accent now fashionable say he'd give a boy a dollar for another chair. As he clung to a dilapidated old specimen with its cane



"DID YOU EVER NOTICE THE SILHOUETTE IN THE BACK?"

seat all knocked out and hanging down underneath in a most untidy way. "I did feel sorry for him, though, for a moment later an elderly lady dressed in black chiffon came strolling along and bowed to him languidly, whereupon he said, doffing his hat politely: 'Aw, Mrs. Vanlowly, chawmed. Won't you—er—won't you take this chair?' holding out the object with its tattered stuffing. To my horror, she smiled sweetly and said if he'd help her she would, and with longmette dangling, scarf flying and chains jingling, she mounted and professed herself as having a 'charming view.'

"Next to me stood three very smartly gowned young women who denounced their fate very audibly and picturesquely at frequent intervals because 'Beatrice was such a lucky devil, getting a seat on the grand stand, deuce take it all!' Presently there came along three men with a wicker settee and a board. They squeezed the settee just as close as possible to the

rear ranks, then placed the plank from arm to arm across it, and prepared to ascend. One of the young women spied a stool they had dislodged and which seemed to be ownerless; so after some debate with her friends she turned and said to the man nearest her:

"Might I have that stool?"

"The gentleman she addressed promptly picked up the stool and without a shade of embarrassment—who says gallantry is dead?—answered 'Well, I was going to use it myself.' And use it he did, by putting it on top of the plank and then standing on the whole structure. The wicker settee gave a horrid groan of rebellion and almost breathed its last, but



"CHARMING VIEW."

after one final quivering collapse it stood firm though a visibly aged settee with its poor back bent double. I felt a little nervous myself, for I was right alongside and it didn't seem as if the Campanie could stand indefinitely.

"There was an equally polite lady in the crowd too. She was well down in the front rows. I should say in about the front row of the standees, who were standing on the real ground, there being a gradual slope upward behind, you understand, beginning with stools, then chairs, then barrels, then boxes, then houses, then trees.

"Right in the middle of the second set when I was imperiling my life and remaining utterly unconscious of it by standing tiptoe in my excitement, this lady raised her parasol. It was quite a stunt to do it too, and really I can't see how she found elbow room. Anyway she did raise it, and it was a very beautiful parasol; moreover, it was a divine place

to exhibit it, for it completely filled the

vision of every one for at least six rows be-

hind to the exclusion of everything else, as you may imagine. An irate old man called loudly and, all things considered, very politely, 'I thought, 'Madam, will you lower that?'—that' being said in an indecipherable tone of contempt. Madam, however, entirely failed to hear and it wasn't until she had shown it off for at least ten minutes that she consented to put it down.

"The thing now is to be natural. Oh, what a fashionable pose is the natural one! The casual way they have of throwing off observations and the unconscious manner of not hearing when you're spoken to!

"Nowadays girls are natural, the downright, athletic, do everything type, and yet it's a curious thing that the fashions in dress tend to make them appear quite the reverse.

"The droopy, lily type is now the fashion in looks. Did you ever notice how the modern girl holds herself? It's the awing reed silhouette. That's the thing. There were dozens of them sway-

ing about the tennis court, the spineless, boneless, die-away figure.

"Another thing that amuses me is the way men's fashions slavishly follow the women's. At least I suppose they do; anyway they are made as nearly on the same lines as they can be and still be men's clothes.

"Look at the youth of fashion to-day. You don't hear any comment on the tightness of his clothes, and yet I often wonder how he gets into them. Narrow shoulders; what a relief that must be to some men, squeezed into tight coats and tight short trousers. And did you ever notice the silhouette in the back? It pleases men to crack jokes about women's lack of neck in the back and loss of eyes in the front, but let them consider. A man's hat nowadays is so low and so far back on his head that you can't see either of those features without searching.

"Yes, fashion certainly is amusing. What did you say? The tennis? Oh, yes, Larned won. At least I think he did. Anyhow, I told several people I met going out that he did and they seemed satisfied."

"When I finished that first shirtwaist he thought it was so pretty that I made another. From that, almost before I knew it, I just fell into the habit of making all my waists and underwear. You see having him calling every evening gave me lots of time to sew, and once I got in the habit it seemed easier to talk to him with a needle in my fingers. Then he liked it too. He used to examine the things I made to see how much I had improved with my stitches.

"I was saving money and yet having nice clothes and giving him nice presents when I was struck with my third misfortune. I was earning \$12 a week, had been for nearly three months when I got in a temper one day and just walked into the manager's office and handed him over my position. It seems to me now that I must have been crazy to drop a \$12 a week position like that. I was just as silly as I had been when spending every cent of my weekly raise and even begrudging the 35 cents I was putting in the bank. It was all paid back to me, for I found out that it is much easier to give up a good position than to get one.

"I was hunting a place for nearly a month and then was glad to take a place at the candy counter in a department store at \$4 a week. Think of me throwing away four good dollars a week for a fit of temper! Fortunately I haven't had to stay there very long. As soon as my friend got a raise to \$22 a week he de-

cided that it was time for me to give up work and marry him.

"We've worked along this way for six months, him getting \$22 and me \$8. I've been hemming linen and making things for our flat and he's been doing without cigars waiting till he comes to see me evenings and then smoking his pipe while I sew. He likes it and we've managed to get the furniture for the three room flat we've rented without touching the money either of us has in the bank.

"Together we have nearly \$700 in bank. When we get \$1,000 we can pay the first instalment on a three flat house and by paying rent for a few years have a home of our own with two more flats to let. He has two friends who did that and now that they have paid off the mortgage they are laying by for another flat house.

"We are to pay \$12 a month for the flat in which we go to housekeeping. I've made a fireless cooker and he's to turn over his putty envelope each week to me. He's put the money he had in bank in my name so he couldn't touch it. He says I'm better at saving than he is and I'm planning to have that \$1,000 to pay on the three flat house by the time our year's lease of the three rooms is up."



"JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR THE NABOBS."

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Women Lawyers in France.

From Case and Comment.

An important amendment has been added to the French law for the trial of offences committed by children of less than 13 outside the jurisdiction of the public law courts.

It permits woman lawyers to act as magistrates in children's cases. Before very long there will be woman judges on the bench in Paris, and this new law will in all probability permit the woman magistrate to wear scarlet robes edged with ermine, as do the male magistrates in the French law courts.

Patience in a Motor Boat

A group of canoeists were sitting on the upper deck of the boathouse on their float stage, from which they could see across the slip to a pier where owners of various sorts of small craft have their tying-up place. One of the canoeists said:

"I have been watching that big man in a little launch patiently cranking the motor for half an hour."

"I know him," said another, "and his patience has won my respect and admiration. He's a structural iron worker, one of those men you see riding up on girders two or three hundred feet from the sidewalk on a steel cable you can barely see from the street. When one end of the girder is in place the man stands up on it, walks along with a mail in one hand and a big wrench in the other and stands at the free end while the oscillating beam is being lowered by the tackle to the place where he is to bolt it. Men who have the nerve to do that work don't get excited easily in their recreation."

"But I was speaking of his patience," the canoeist went on. "Usually he begins fussing with the motor about the first of April and sometimes it is well along in the fall before he gets it running to suit him, but he has never been known to show signs of impatience."

"Recently there was a holiday following a Sunday and he arranged to have his wife and children spend a part of both days with him in the launch on the bay. They came down an hour or two after he had come to get the boat in fine running order for them."

"From half past ten in the forenoon until dusk they lingered on the pier and float stage, barring the time it took them to go back in the shade of a tree and have their luncheon. And all that time he worked patiently over the engine trying to get a start out of it. And he didn't lose patience even when his wife asked periodically, 'Are you sure you have got the gasoline turned on, dear?'

"At nightfall when he was changing his clothing to go home he found the air valve of the carburetor in his overalls pocket. He had forgotten to replace it when he had taken the carburetor to pieces to see if anything was the matter with it."

"On the next day the family came down late, as if to give him time to get the boat in good running order. Along toward sunset, when I was taking a turn in my canoe, he passed me well out on the water. It was the first time I had seen his boat running since last season."

"Up to then I had seen him in the launch with bowline and sternline made fast to timberheads on the float stage and with breastlines out for fear she would start unexpectedly. But if he had had her nose up against the plate glass show window of a department store she wouldn't have cracked the glass."

"Apparently my patient friend and his family had a fine sail, for they were out until after dark and didn't have to be towed home."

"About 9 o'clock in the evening I walked down the pier and saw my friend in his boat alongside the float stage. A smoky lantern was burning on one of the seats and parts of the engine were scattered upon the floor seats. He had had the water intake disconnected and the water was about five inches deep over the floor boards."

"The cylinder head was off the piston out, the connecting rod disconnected from the shaft and he was trying to drive out the wrist pin with a centre punch. A lot of machine bolts were lying about with their heads worn round from constant taking out and putting in, so that he had to use a siltion wrench for turning them in or out."

"The spark coil stood on end near the lantern and the pieces belonging to the vibrator lay next to it. The dismembered carburetor was scattered on the other side of the lantern and an assortment of spark plugs was rolling about as the boat swished from side to side. A small stream of gasoline trickled from the disconnected feed pipe. He was working as patiently as ever."

"Anything the matter?" he asked after I had watched him unobserved for a few minutes.

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